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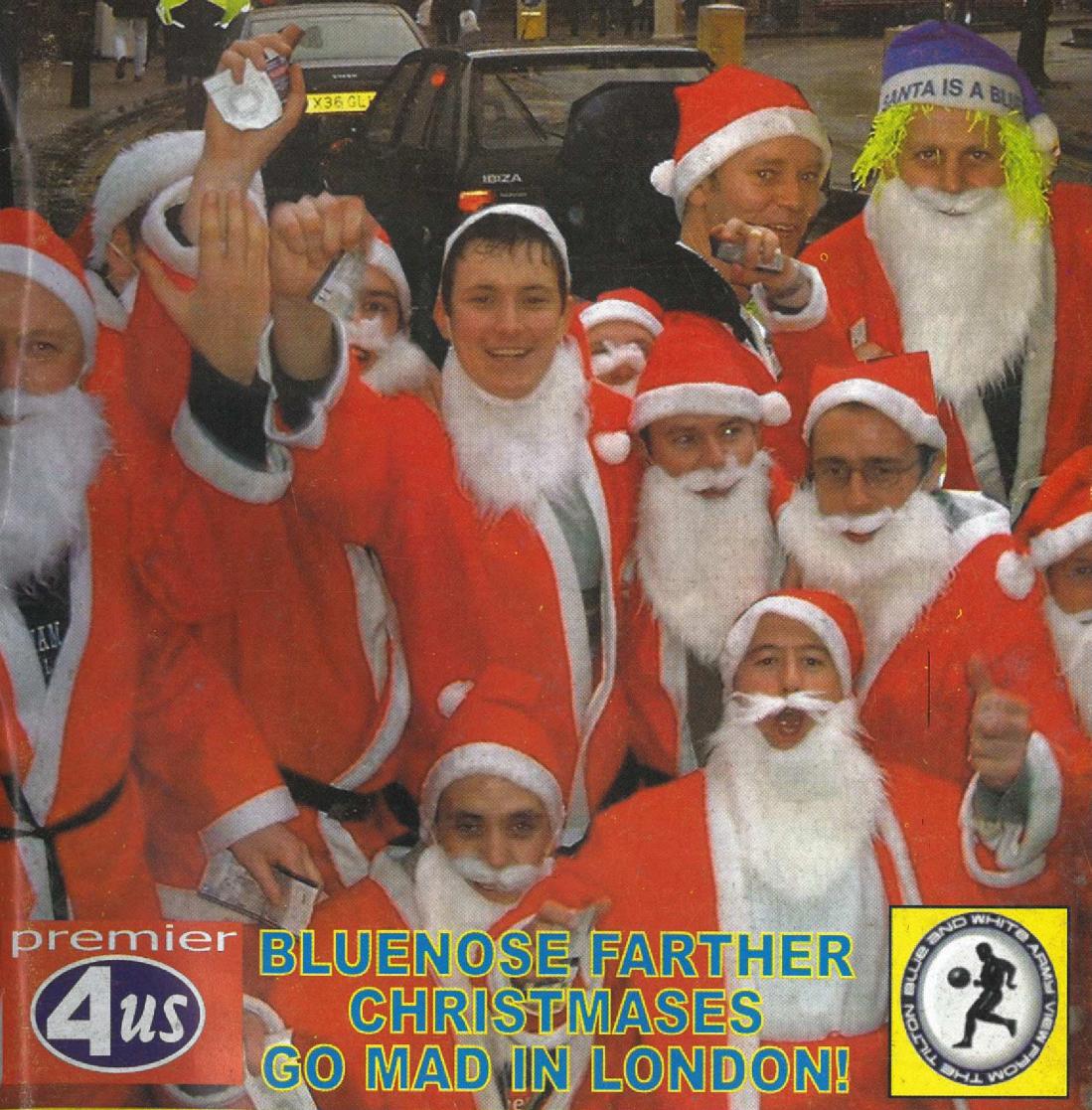
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# Made In Brum

Unofficial  
BCFC Fanzine  
Issue 60

LOFTUS ROAD STADIUM



premier  
**4us**

BLUENOSE FARTHER  
CHRISTMASES  
GO MAD IN LONDON!



# MADE IN BRUM

THE PREMIER BLUES FANZINE



## THE TEAM

### EDITOR

Dave Thomas

### WRITERS

Any fucker who bothers  
Bluestuff  
Ranting Haddock  
Mad Mick (from Moseley)

### SELLERS

Myself  
Benny Boy  
Hyper Chris  
Phil  
Carleen  
Plus supporting cast

### PHOTOS

Me Digital Camera

### LAYOUT DESIGN

My Good Self

### THANKS TOO

Duncan from VFTT  
And everyone else  
Who helps, You know  
who you Are, so cheers  
And I'll buy you  
a pint, though  
You'll probably  
Buy one back,  
So cheers any way.

## DISCLAIMER

MIB is a totally independent magazine and therefore has no connection with Birmingham City Football Club. Views expressed in this fanzine are not necessarily the view of the editorial, in fact 'The Editorial' very rarely agrees with anything the scribes write, but beggars can't be choosers and MIB is not in a position to form a dictatorship over it's scribes.

### MIB

## THE MATCHDAY MAG

MIB is a matchday magazine solely dedicated to enlightening and amusing the Bluenose Army, nothing more and nothing less. Where possible it will be sold at away grounds, so with us being new to this Premier lark I'll have to tread the ice very carefully. At the moment there is only one away game I know for definite that I'll not be able to sell at. And that is Chelsea, well I could but I don't want to get arrested. At home games MIB will be sold all around St Andrews.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions are always welcome. So why don't you get off your arse and write in to MIB, you might agree (not likely) disagree (very likely) with something in this mag. Or you might have something very important to say about our great club, so why not get it off your big hairy chest. Or if your a ladee, off your nice pert chest.

# EDITORIAL

First of all I hope you lot had a fantastic Christmas and didn't drink too much? Drink too much - you probably still pissed now. The games are really coming thick and fast over the next few weeks. And there's some really fantastic ones to get the blood running through our Bluenose veins. Even today's game is a pretty big un - not taking anything away from Everton like, but they haven't been that good over the last few seasons. But since we got our draw up there in August they've done quite good. They've got this new kid on the bloke? They're saying he's better than Owen. Rooney is his name. Some sort of supa star of the future they reckon. Well, he hasn't come up against any stern opposition yet has he. When us 'Brummie Basher' get hold of him he won't know what's hit him. He'd wished he'd stayed up there in Scouse lad me thinks. But on the more serious side, he does look pretty good but isn't it just like the papers to push him in the lime light. And the 'Brummie Bashers' pun wasn't a joke - that is what we'll be known as from now on, the dirtiest team in the country. But why, we're not any different from most the League teams in this country, the only difference is we play with passion and desire and our players don't ponce around like a load of old fairies. They get stuck in and play the game how it was invented. 20 years ago it was the norm though it was coming to an end even then. I didn't see the times when centre forwards used to barge goal keepers into the net, and I wouldn't really want to see it again but you only have to look at a Keeper now in a funny way and you get booked. I'm afraid Net Ball isn't far away - no contact at all. It's coming. But from now on in our players are marked men, step out of line and they're booked and then sent off, and most likely for the smallest of challenges.

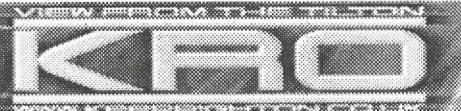
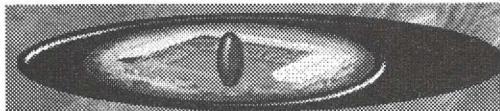
As the season goes by the papers are going to make more and more of our physical side, and the referees will pick up on it more and more. But tell me this - apart from the Horse challenge (though I still reckon that he missed the Charlton players leg altogether) there hasn't really been a serous foul by any of our players. But, we've got the reputation now. I'm all for being a hard team, the harder the better, we can all relate to it - but we're the odd ones out. Which I suppose we should be used too - but lets just hope by mid February we've still got 11 players to pick from.

Today's game is our last for a while, we're off to Old Trafford on Saturday, and then Leeds on New Years day and the following Saturday another away FA Cup game at Fulham. But when we've finished off that lot it's the Arse half way through January. We'll be able to give good old Ashley Cole some good old Brummie stick. So, you Bluenoses have a fantastic New Year and I'll see you for the Gooners game.

Keep Right On - Have A Good Un and A Happy New Bluenose Year.

Cheers - Dave Thomas

PS - and I don't need anyone to tell me that "Farther" on the front cover should really read "Father"



# PREMIER THO

## FIGHT CLUB?

So, we're a load of thugs are we? No, not us the supporters silly - the players. It does make you laugh though. Like old Brucie said not two months ago about this great game of ours becoming a game for girls! Wops, that's not very PC is it. Now it's not for me to diss the girls like. But girls footie isn't any where near the real footie is it. They might like it over in the good old US of A, but they aint got much taste have they. I think Brucies words were "Our game will become like Net Ball" and too be honest he aint far wrong is he.

So, was our game at Loftus Road a war? Was it a dirty game where players went out of there way to maim each other? Bollocks was it a dirty game. The referee lost it completely - was it nine or ten yellows and a red? Where did Andy D'Urso learn his trade? At the Net Ball Academy me thinks, because any contact that he saw was saw in his eyes as a foul. Come on, the weather was crap and allowances should have been made, but he was having none of it. I've said it before and I'll say it again, the referee should be there just a officiate, not to be the star attraction. We don't pay our money to see the ref, we pay to see our team, to see a good game, perhaps a bit of physical play and a win of course. But we're being short changed big time, and it does seem like it's getting worse and worse every season. And it might not be long before our game is like Net Ball with no contact at all.

The thug label comes from a listener of 5 Live on Sunday after our match. Now I didn't hear this bloke who rang in but by all accounts he was a Watford fan who went along to Loftus Road to see a bit of Premier Football. This imitation Cockney reckon all our players were just THUGS and ruined the game? What the fuck is he on about. Now I know I'm biased towards the team that I love, and yes I do think we are a tough bunch of mother fuckers, that's the players I'm on about now. But they're fair, yes they fight for the cause, and so they should, they take after us. If you come up to the Premier you have to either spend £50 million minimum or gather together a team of battlers with a sprinkling of class. You can't go into this league and pamby namby about and try and play pretty pretty football. Look what happened to Barnsley, yes they played some lovely footie but got absolutely slaughtered. And look where they are now.

Now all I can think is that these people a jealous of what we have achieved and the way we're doing it. They all scream and shout abuse at Savage yet they'd love to have him in their team. But who wouldn't, he gives you his all and then some more. But when you've got a player like Robbie it gives the rest of the team that little bit extra oomph. But thugs they're not. Hard YES, uncompromising YES, but not thugs. It's that same old thing isn't it, they think we shouldn't be up there. Premier football should be pretty stuff, bollocks does it. Could it be that Birmingham City are fast becoming the modern day Wimbledon? They were hated by

# UGHTS

everyone and it's getting that way with us. But who fucking cares, do we? No way.

## CLINTS MOM

It seems like Robbie has got some competition for being the hard man, or should that be Hard Person in the Blues line up. Clints Mom is in there with the lads, getting stuck in. Okay, she can't get onto the pitch, but in the bar she's awesome. Brevett didn't know what had hit him when Clints Mom started on him. Why was Brevett being so confrontational though? He was the dirty bastard up here at St Andrews. Perhaps he had some beef with what happened to him. But Clinton had nothing to do with that. Perhaps he was just one upset player and he wanted to get his own back, shame he bite off more than he could chew. And just think, it's only a couple weeks away now that we draw swords again. And could this be the first time we've played Fulham in the FA Cup since that fateful night in 1975 up at Main Road when our Cup dream came to an end in the dying seconds? So, don't you think a bit of payback is required? And if we get a bit thuggish on the pitch it's only because we've got heart. And if Clints mom gets thuggish it's only because some cheeky bastard has dissed her son.

Old Brevett can now rest easy for our FA Cup game in a few weeks time. Clints mom has decided she'd rather sit with the Bluenoses than rub shoulders with all the toffs and the cheeky Bastards in the players lounge. She'll have a pint and a pie with the Bluenose army in the School End Lower Tier. So up your's Brevett you big mouthed bastard.

davethomas@madeinbrum.freeserve.co.uk

## Viler Humour

West Midlands Police have condemned Aston Viler for laying on street entertainers to pacify the crowds last night as they queued for tickets. Crouch put on a fine display of stilt walking.

Enkleman the Clown did some comedy juggling

Gypsy Angel read a few palms  
Vassell ran up and down the street  
very fast

Hendrie scared the kids with his gunning.

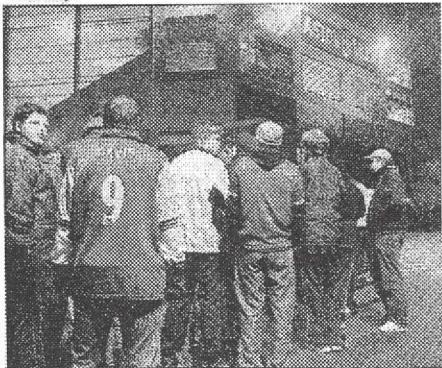
And Alpay laid on some lovely doner kebabs.

"Hitzelberger hot-dogs" then?

All in all, a good night was had by all.

Well done Villa.

By Londonbluenose and a tiny bit by  
Weety



The real clowns queuing!!!

PO Box 10840 Birmingham B32 3WQ

# THE PREMIER LEAGUE

As we jump feet-first into another Festive period, some of us are still reeling from the last one...or at least the after-effects of it. So here for your pleasure, is The Premier League drinks menu, featuring some classics plus some beauties. Tasted, (& totally wasted), at great personal expense & suffering Cheers,

## SOFT DRINKS

### RED BULL

For Man Utd fans saying 'We're the best / richest club in the World'

### EL TEL POP

Past it's best. Lacks fizz and sparkle. Knock the bottle over... and watch it slide down the table.

### JOE COLA

The future of English pop? Try it with a straw, as it sucks most of the time.

## SPIRITS

### GLADAMOFF VODKA

For Russians in North London... wishing they weren't.

### GRAHAM'S GIN

Available for cash only. Weak, overated & lives on past glories. Comes in it's own brown paper bag.

### RANDY BRANDY

Former West Ham high flyer Frank McAvenie's fave drink. Served with coke.

## BEERS/LAGERS

### LE-BATTS

Weak Yorkshire Ale. Will make you go weaker at the knees... apparently.

### TETLEE

Get it before it goes off (to late) Will leave some people with a sore head. Guaranteed to get you rat-arsed... or should that be rat-faced??!!

### BECKS LAGER

Got a bit of a kick & makes you talk in a high pitched voice.

### BECKS PREMIUM (POSH)

Complaints about the bottle being too thin. Only available up the Arsenal... er, apparently.

### HESKY'S PILS

Falling down water.

### SVEN'S OLD SLAPPER

Swedish Beer. Easy to pick up & goes down a treat.

### BLUE MOON PALE ALE

Goes down easily, but then keeps to come back up.

### BLUE (Master Bates) LAGER

# THE NEW YEARS DRINKS MENU

Made in Chelsea, in a converted old shit-house, which cost around £50 million a year to run. Very fashionable, with celebrities queuing up to endorse it. Doesn't come in a bottle - as they don't have any.

## WINES

### SUPER LAZARIDIS WHITE

Australia's finest export. Careful when it's passed, or should that be crossed over the bar?.

### CISSE CHARDONNEY

Smooth African come French number. Matured into a classy tipple.

### CHATEUX SAVAGE

Welsh white that's got a kick and a half but it's got the habit of giving you the runs..

### CHEEKY SCouser RED

A former vintage, that has been diluted with foreign impurities

### THOMMO RED

Not to be sniffed at

### FERGIE RED

A dour and bitter whine. Available mostly after 'time', in London... Devon... Norfolk... Milton Keynes...

## COCKTAILS

### THE INVISIBLE MAN

A lightweight drink that lacks bite & rarely troubles anyone. Buy four together & call it 'A Vile Midfield'

### GOONER GUZZLER

A mixture of French award winners, mature English classics, a soupcon of African magic, and as Sol Campbell prefers it, (allegedly), topped off with a huge dollop of Seaman

### ULRIKA KA KA

A bit of everything gone into this one. A mixture of A Slow Comfortable Screw, Sex On The Beach and an Orgasm. On the surface looks to be a free offer... but you will pay heavily for this in the end.

### HEADHUNTER BLUE

Strictly for 'British Bulldogs'. A mixture of Italian White, French Red, Dutch Servignon, Danish Blue, Norwegian Wood, with a dash of Spanish, and a hint of Jersey lemon. Comes in a glass two feet wide, for people with big mouths.

### CLASS OF '03

Ingredients that do not blend together & will leave the Vile feeling gutted. Best to be drunk on September 16th and March 3rd. Sound familiar you scum? D'oh.

# ONCE UPON

It's back to the Seventies and the 1971-72 promotion season. I've been asked by a few younger Noses what it was really like back then. And I wandered if it really was as bad? Well, it wasn't really bad - sometimes it got a little like the Wild West - but all in all it was a great time for one and all. But it always is a great time when your young and it's YOUR time. What really brought it home that it was a great time to be a football fan and for me a Blues supporter was what a mate of mine said once to me a few years ago. I hadn't seen him for years, I'd phoned him and we went out for a drink him with his missus and I with mine. We talked about all the usual stuff, our kids, our homes and all that stuff. I'd gone up the bar to get another drink and he quickly followed me. Dave he said, you know when we were a bit mad and a bit up for a fight back in 72 and 73. 'Yeah and the other seasons after those' well he said "they were by far the best times in my life, and what I'd do to go back" it got me thinking you see, and yes, they were great times. And we definitely did get into some scrapes but it was just lads giving it the big one. What were we, 16, 17 - we lived on the streets of Brum. It was a great new world for us - having kicks and doing things that our parents just wouldn't like was anew thing really. It probably started the generation before us. We were just in training for what's gone on since - let's say we were making it up as we went along. And I had what I thought were very strict parents and I still got away with shit loads of stuff.

So what was it like? Life was still fairly hard. Most the lads in my class probably went into

a factory. I can't think of one who went on to further education. There was no way I was staying on - I'd already learnt fuck all in the time spent there so what was the point. Money was pretty tight, I was one of the lucky ones as I could work for my old Ma and Pa in the pub they ran. But the wages for a lad leaving school? £4 or £5, not much more that's for certain, might even have been less. Cloths mattered, but not as much as today. No Stone Island and Burberry. If you went to football and you want to be with the 'In Crowd' you would either have been a skin head but now with longer hair, so that's Docks, gone were the tight jeans but there were still some about. In were "Skinners" and check shirts, sometimes with braces. Or you could have been a "Towny" two tone trousers boots or brogues. Just a bit smarter. But within a year things changed dramatically.

Who remembers "Oasis" market at the top of Corporation Street, come on now hands up. Well, baggies (that's not those Yam Yams either) were in, and Corduroy to boot. The things were massive, like fuckin' tents, and Cheese Cloth shirts. What about the feet? Well the boots were still in but Crapped soul shoes were the "In Thing" classy or what? I suppose going to Nelson House for your gear couldn't last forever, and in those days going into Oasis Market was a big jump up in the fashion stakes. A lot of the "Geezers" were starting to go upmarket, mind you things were still bloody cheap. I remember in about 1973 or 74 I bought myself a long, and I mean long leather coat. How about that then, dapper or what.

# ONCE UPON A TIME IN BIRMINGHAM

Beer was cheap as well, I didn't really start to drink until late 1972 and into 1973. All I can really remember is that a pint in 73 was around 13p. So you could get your self well and truly "Trollied" for £1.50.

But it's not 1973, it's still only 1971, I was still only 14 years old but hey, I thought I was 16 going on 21. The Blues were hammering them in at home and could win a raffle on their travels. The Millwall experience was in the past and very important games were coming up. After the Den defeat came a home game against Fulham and a very good 3-1 win. It was then off to Landon again, but this time to the Valley. And at the time the biggest ground in the country. It had a capacity of 88.000 and Charlton had average crowds of 12.000. The side bank of terracing was the biggest thing I have ever seen? Well biggest Terracing. The transport was the usual "Special" now it is a long time ago but it went through the heart of London and dropped us only minutes from the Ground. It was also an Underground station but up on ground level of course. Not a problem around the ground, the locals were pretty friendly, not like them there Millwall people like. In the ground wasn't a problem either. They had a few hard knocks who might have wanted a go, but there wasn't nothing really. About half way through the first half a group of ugly big fat fuckers came over and started to chat to some of the Blues fans. There were probably around 12 to 15, and guess what - they were

Millwall lads. Having a day out at the Valley. I stood pretty close to these fat fuckers and they were big mouth farts. Now I reckon they were taking the piss a bit. And as it came to pass so did the Blues lads. Nothing happened in the ground. All was kept friendly, well as friendly as a mob of Cockneys and a mob of Blues could be. The game ended 0-0, well there's a surprise. Can't win, won't win was our motto away from St Andrews. We all trotted off back to the station. We were all standing on the platform waiting fro our trains. Before they wheeled our bucket of a train in they had to get shut of these Millwall and some home fans, so a local train pulled up to take em all on their jolly way. Now I don't think the Cockneys were expecting it but just as the train rolled up the Blues Hard crew stormed into these unsuspecting fat ugly fuckers and made a right mess of em. As the fists and boots struck home the Cockneys just didn't know what to do. Before their kicking they were just a mob of smug cockney scum, now they were a rag tag mob of bewildered beat up Cockney scum. To see their faces as the train doors slide closed and as the train rolled out with the Blues fans giving em the wanker sign. You know what they say - what goes around comes around.

It was getting very close to Christmas now and our next game was against Cardiff City. It was at home so it was another win. A 3-0 drubbing was given out to the Sheep Shaggers. New Years Day came and the Blues

were at Bristol City. A packed but very subdued Special winged it's way to Ashton Gate Station. It seemed like everyone on the train had been to a party that had only just finished. Even when we got into the station there was no singing. It was really strange, so quite for an away game. But it was the calm before the storm. As we rounded the Main Stand all hell broke out. By all accounts a mob of Bristol City fans had got themselves toolled up and stormed into the first few Blues fans around the corner. It was a "iron bars" in the teeth job. The attackers soon retreated when they saw how many Blues fans were after them but the damage had already been done. What happened at Bristol was in all the papers. The Mail ran a story on one of the guys who got it in the teeth. His mum said he was a good lad and never been in trouble before? Which didn't go down to well with the National Press. Innocent fans attacked with Iron Bars? If only they'd known - saw the lad in question just three weeks latter leading a charge on Watford fans at Vicarage Road.

It was a piss poor performance by the lads, we went down 1-0. And things looked bad for the New Year. Little was we to know that this 1-0 defeat was going to be our last in the league. But before thing got better they had to get worse. The week after before our lowest crowd of the season we played Portsmouth. It was really a make or break game. Win it and we're still hanging on in there, lose it and say goodbye to the 2nd spot. The first half was a disaster, 3-1 down and all the talk was of next season and where it had all gone wrong. That 10 minute break was our very very low spot - it all got decidedly better after the re-start. We came out flying, and within minutes had got one back. The team looked so different, like hungry animals who had just had enough. The final score? 6-3 and

this was the real start of our season. Nothing was going to stop us now.

The week after the Pompey hammering we got our first away win. 1-0 at Watford. The 6-3 win the week before must have spurred on the Blues fans as there were at least 3 special trains and hundreds more by coach. The following was awesome. This is when I saw the chap that got the iron bar in his teeth. It was before the game, me and my mates were queuing up at a turnstile and a load of Blues came marching by. This lad was in this mob and coming the other way were a load of other Blues. They stopped just where we were and the chap with no teeth showed some of his mates the nice iron bar job that had been done on him. Right proud of it he was as well. And as soon as he was there he was gone - off down the road looking for a bit of bother.



Hatton - got two goals against Pompey

# TO DAVE AT MADE IN BRUM

You won't know us, but we purchased MIB from you on the way in today, and commented to you on the way out that it must be much better writing a fanzine in the Premiership, than in the first.

Regarding the article on the Man Ure tickets. In a fit of rage, I drafted a letter to the Brady Bunch last week but never sent it. Here is a copy and you are welcome to print it (though it's a bit polite for your publication). The facts are as told to me by the St Andrews ticket office on Wednesday morning 4th Dec. 600 tickets taken, through choice, for exec packages at £180 a head from an allocation of 3000. Just 2000 sold over the counter or by post, leaves 400 for the club?

Still, the only upside of going where nobody else wants to (West Ham, Sunderland, Southampton and Fulham), is that at least we get to see the boys in royal blue win a game or three. Looking forward now to Bolton and Charlton, or Darlington if we go on a cup run.

Keep up the good work. KRO - Keith Brown

Dear Miss Brady,

## REFERENCE: MAN UTD TICKETS

I feel compelled to write and complain about the allocation of tickets for the away game at Old Trafford. Firstly, I only have 4 away stamps (having applied unsuccessfully for WBA), and so was only half expecting to get a ticket. However to find that all tickets have been sold to people who have supposedly attended between 8 and 11 away games this season is incomprehensible.

On phoning St. Andrews today, I find that we were given the minimum 3,000 tickets that Man Utd were obliged to give us. I am then told that you, our club, chose to take 600 of that allocation as "commercial packages" – thanks a lot! I was also told that only 2,000 tickets were issued by post or across the counter. What happened to the other 400 tickets?

I guess what I am really trying to say is, that once again the club has decided to let the real fans down in order to make a quick buck, or satisfy the needs of a few good mates. I wonder how many of the people who were with me at Stockport for the equivalent fixture last year will have



been able to get a ticket this year? How many of those who have tickets for Old Trafford will not attend another away game this season? – a good few hundred I would suspect.

The club has repeatedly complained about the fickleness of supporters over the past few years, and in most instances I am inclined to agree 100%. But it cuts both ways. Right now I feel that I can't even be bothered to apply for away tickets any more. I already know that I can probably forget Villa Park and St James.

I would be grateful if somebody at the club could tell me, honestly, how many tickets went to fans with 10 or 11 stamps, how many went to those with 8 or 9 stamps, where the balance went, and why the club saw fit to only release 2,000 tickets to the supporters.

Yours truly,

Keith Brown

PROBABLY THE BEST WEB SITE IN THE WORLD

Merry Christmas

# VFTT

[www.keeprighton.co.uk](http://www.keeprighton.co.uk)

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at

[www.keeprighton.co.uk](http://www.keeprighton.co.uk)



From all at Keep Right On

## THE BLUES FUNERAL SERVICE

by Steve Horne

On a lighter note but still in the realms of the after-life I see that Blues now offer a funeral service at St Andrews. It came to my attention when the club sent me an information pack regarding all the benefits of being a Blues supporter. So now at the start of life the club welcomes you into the Beau Brummie club and then at the other end they sadly wave you goodbye as they sprinkle you around the pitch or wherever else the wind may blow you. But what happens if the club decides to leave St Andrews and move to another stadium? Instead of having Darren Purse running over your remains it could be a Tesco's shopper. The club offers three choices of funeral. Bronze, Silver or Gold. Depending where you finished in the race of life probably denotes which one you choose. I am sure it won't be long before the club offers it's platinum service where the players will be offered as pall bearers or Martin Grainger will kick your football shaped urn around a defensive wall from 30 yards or then again maybe have Stan Lazaridis cross your urn onto the pitch for The Horse to plant firmly in the net.. I can see Karen B making notes already.

Arrange your own  
testimonial

Freephone  
0800 454352



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View From The Tilton

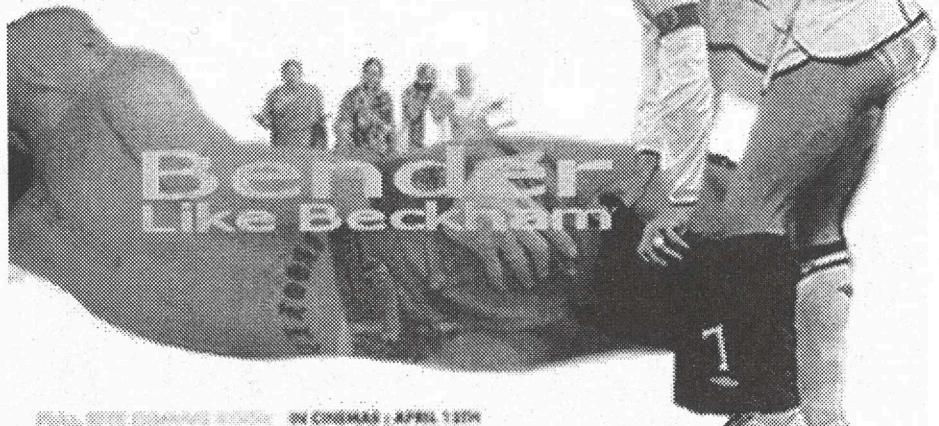
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View From The Tilton

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Since Endelman's Own Goal"**

**The Cad**



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IN CINEMAS 1 APRIL 2002

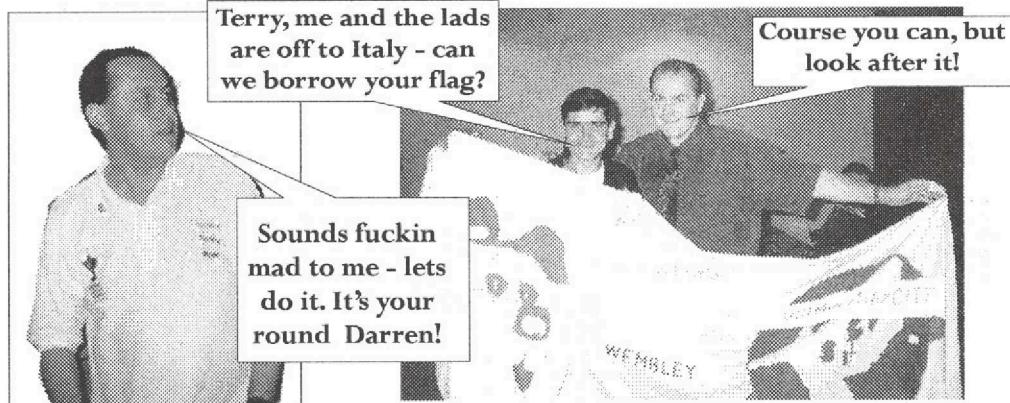
**The Cad**

**The  
Old Trafford  
Hillbillies**

# STEGGA AND THE LADS AMAZING ITALIAN ADVENTURE

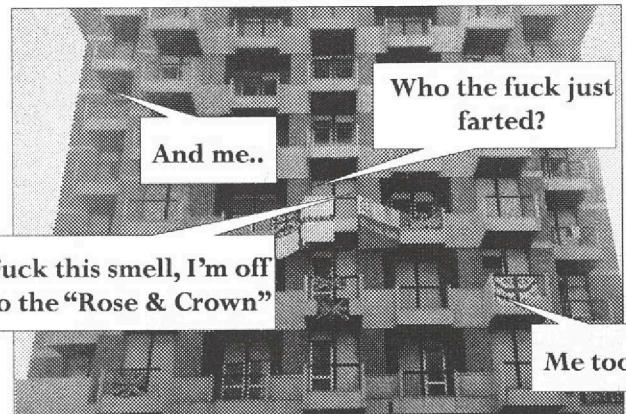


The Blues are playing crap, as it always seemed to be back in the dark ages. So to relieve the stress Stegga decided a trip abroad would be a good idea. And with the lads in a European competition, the Anglo Italian Cup no less and a game against Cessena he decided to ask the question? So he got in touch with David Vernon and Darren Pitt to see if they were up for it.



After Vernon had finished his pint he gave the nod to the Italian Job. But on one condition? Go and ask Terry if we can borrow his flag?

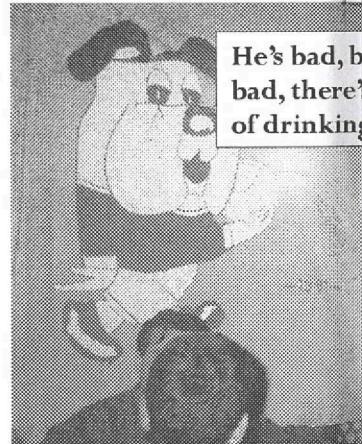
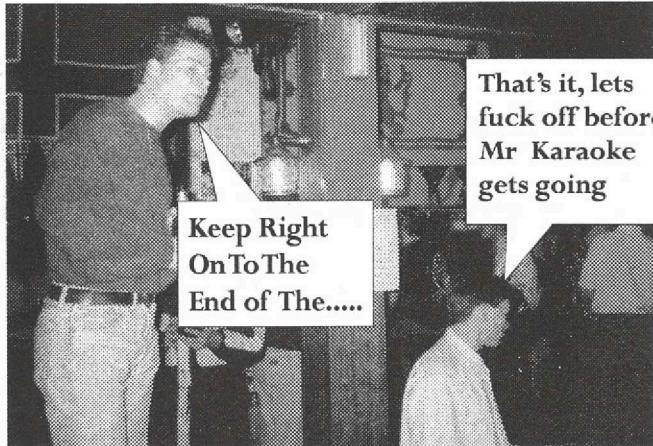
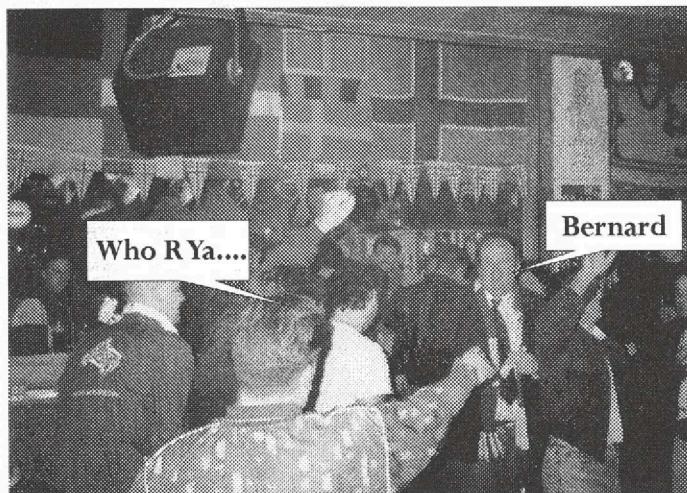
Soon our Blues adventurers, Stegga, Vernon, Pricey and Darren were installed in their hotel in Rimini. Hundreds of Bluenoses had made the trip, and they were all too enjoy the Italian hospitality?

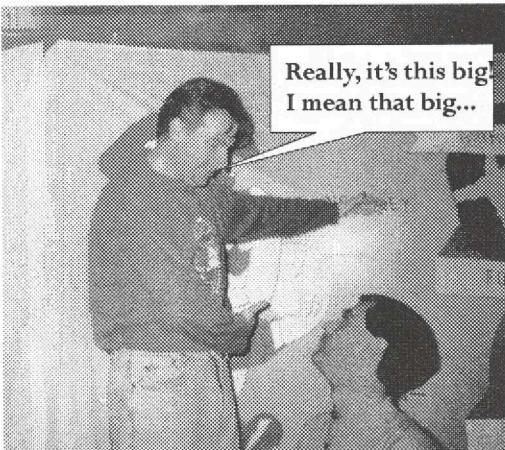
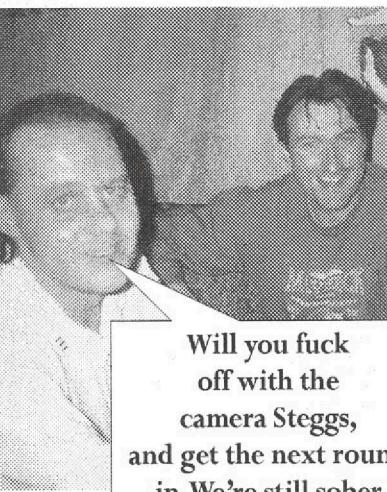
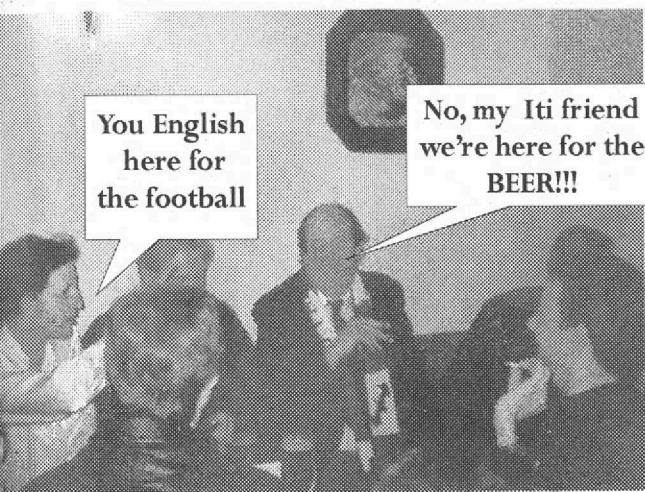
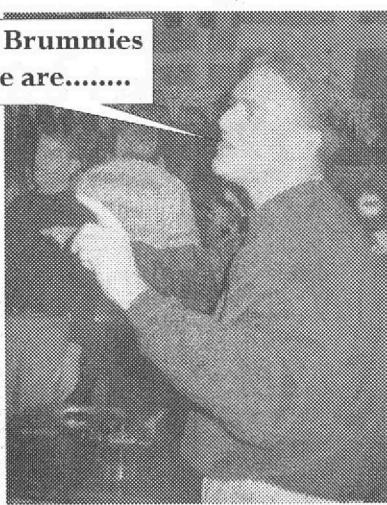


Fuck this smell, I'm off to the "Rose & Crown"

**The Rose & Crown in Rimini - made famous during Italia 90 when England fans came under siege from Italian fans and which was described as the Mother of all Battles. Now it was time for the Bluenose Army to take it over and do a bit of partying.**

And the cry went up "Who R Ya" and the reply came back "I'm Bernard, Birmingham City & Warwickshire CCC's Number 1 Fan (Drinker). As the nite wore on the drink it did flow - and nearly all flowed down the necks of Bluenoses

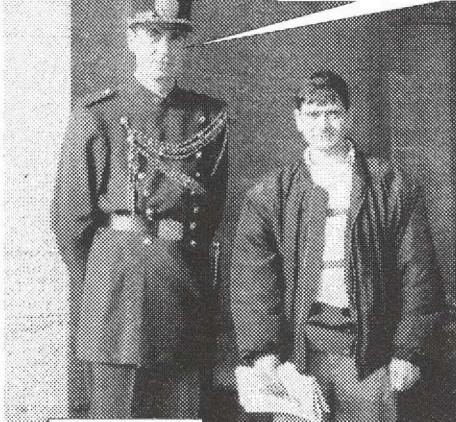




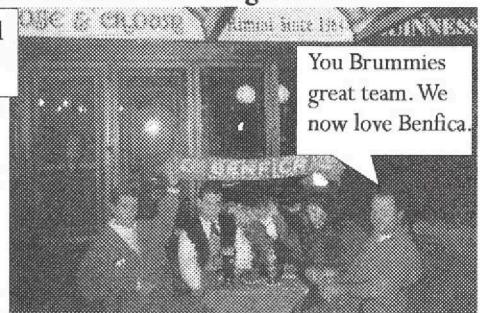
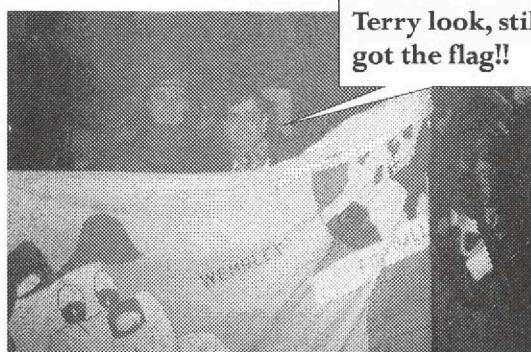
As the drink flows so does the bragging. As we can see in this picture Pricey is bragging about the size of his fish? But soon our intrepid travelers would be thinking of the day ahead and our game with the Italians

It's the day of the big game and Stegga and the lads decide to take a walk around the Town. But as is normal for us Brummie boys we just can't stay out of trouble!!!

Your nicked for being drunk  
and possessing a dodgy late  
80's early 90's hair cut



The game was won but after wards there was a mini riot which the Cessena players started. But order was soon restored and it was time to go home to good old Brum. But before we go let's say hello to the nice police man and see what the Italians in the bar thought of it all?



I know Cessena were crap but to change the team you support?

Those that took part in the great Italian adventure were:- Stegga, Pricey, Darren Pitt, David Vernon, Bernard, Karaoke King, loads of other Bluenoses. Terry Cooper played a bit part. Riot Police, a policeman in a funny uniform, The Rose & Crown, Rimini, loads of Beer and watching Birmingham City. Keep Right On and here's to the next time!!!

# WHAT'S IN STAN'S SACK

A few thoughts on suitable footballing presents.

Robbie Savage: Harry Potter's cloak of invisibility so Refs don't see him

Simon Jordan: League tables to remind who's manager got his team promoted last year

Peter Enckleman : A copy of the Boomtown Rats hit "I don't like Monday" and some football boots with extra long studs.

Terry Venables: A one way ticket to London.

Arsene Wenger: A pair of binoculars so he can avoid "not seeing it appen".

Des Lynam and the premiership: A list of the "other" premiership teams since they obviously programme producers don't realise there are any teams other than the "big three".

Olef Melberg: A team photo of the unknowns that stuffed vile 3-0.

All Referees: An explanation that the laws of foul play don't just apply to teams in blue.

Tatters Fans: A video of the celebrations at Cardiff and the Baggies on the last day of the season, just to rub it in.

Keith (the announcer): Who's!! greatest hits

Mark McGee: AA route maps to Grimsby and Rotherham.

Glory Hunters: A season ticket renewal form for next season.....whatever happens.

Ashley Cole: A gold medal from the Olympic Diving Association.

Me: 17<sup>th</sup> place in May; one place above the vile.....and the FA Cup!

And finally

Steve Bruce: Freedom of the city for last May

**Happy Christmas and keep right on - Tony**

# A BOOZER PACKED

**It's another trip Darn Sarf for the boys in Blue, but this time it's in another World - a World of strange Garb and Oaths, yep - you got it "Southampton" or as they seem to sing or shout it "Souamton" which is very strange indeed - so it was off to their new supa dupa stadium "St Mary's". And what a fuckin freezing day it was too, nice ground mind you. And isn't it strange they developers keep bunging up these new grounds right by the sea - well, Estuary in this case.**



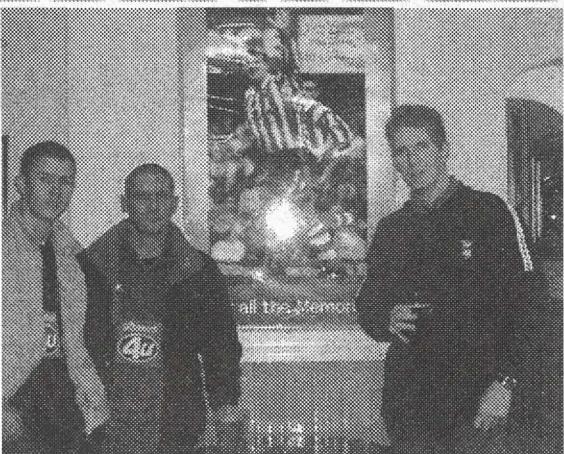
**Le Tissier Arms - Home Boozer? My Arse**

We were hoping to let the train take the strain for this one but it seems Virgin and Railtrack just can't get their act together. I'd phoned two weeks before the game and they told me to get in touch just 7 day's before the game. Then they told me there wasn't a definite train so I couldn't book the cheapo tickets. Even got in touch with their complaints department and I mouthed off about how much we like to use the train and they were letting us down like and was there anything they could do for us poor football fans? NO, in the word. So the car was taken out of moth balls and a long and tedious journey was expected? But no, getting down to the bowels of this country isn't or more to the point wasn't to bad after all. We meet up in the usual place

so I won't bore you with it - and we were off at just after 8 am, nice and early to get parked up and in the boozer. And it was a very uneventful journey. That is apart from your truly cutting up good old Tome Ross just by the M4. We were doing the usual 70? Well I have to say that and zoom three car

# WITH BLUENOSES

come past us, one of which honked his horn. Now we thought it was old Tom, but it was another Bluenose letting us know we weren't alone. The one which we thought had honked us was a brand new Jaguar, very nice as well. So wondering who the hell was driving this very prestigious car we gave chase, only getting up to 72 of course. And as we neared the spot where our road to Southampton goes under the M4 we caught it up, realising we were in the wrong lane a bit up cutting up was needed. And zoom, straight in front of Mr Ross in his lovely new car, good job he was well awake though. He did give us a wave though, as he stopped off at the services for his breaky no doubt.



**Mark, Phil, Me & Le Tiss**

We'd decided to go with the advise on Duncan's Internet Ground Guide, so we came around the back to and parked up at a free car park and walk the fifteen minute walk over the Toll Bridge, this was when we found out how fucking cold it was down here on the sunny coast of Hampshire. Did it blow at the top of that bleedin bridge. But it was good way of getting near and getting away from St Mary's. As we came over the toll bridge you can see the ground just by the water and we could also see the boozer where we were going to base ourselves, the "Le Tissier Arms". It took about fifteen minutes from car to pub and it sure got ride of any cobwebs. We entered the pub at



**Phil, Ron and Can**



## England Memorabilia on show

around 10.45 and we weren't the first Bluenoses in there. It aint a bad pub at all. They take all the chairs out and just leave a few tables to maximise the body count. And we all know what more bodies do, especially ones that are still breathing - yes that's right "Drink" and in the Bluenose case it's copious amounts.

As the name suggests it is a little bit of a football orientates boozer which always makes it all the more enjoyable. It has got loads of memorabilia on the walls and ceiling. The larger room where we had taken up residents was mostly Southampton stuff but in the other smaller room there were some really nice England articles. Which I hope you can see from the picture taken. The 'Le Tissier' is supposed to be a 'Home' pub. But by 12.00 it was absolutely heaving with Bluenoses though to be fair there were a few home fans scattered about but not many. The gaffer did

show us around before it got busy telling us he'd only just bought the England Memorabilia and that Le Tiss had opened the pub when they re-opened it and that he sometimes would come in for a pint. Pity he didn't come over on this occasion, we'd have made him really welcome. As always the Bluenoses were well behaved and there wasn't a hint of any trouble and it's been like it all season. Though to hear some people they'd like all in high places to believe that trouble follows us around - wankers.

I had to leave the proceedings a tad early as I'd decided to sell - which in hindsight was a very bad decision. Me and Ben had walked up to the away end at around 1.40. I saw the Southampton fanzine editor pass by so I did a swap with him. I'd just got the first pile of fanzines out of the bag and we were pounced on by 4 stewards. Now these stewards meant business, and a few Bluenoses found that out inside the ground as well. Okay, they didn't man handle me and they were polite in the way they moved us on, it was just the way they surrounded us and bang we were outa there. No taking liberties with em, they put us down by the road which was to far away from the turnstiles to shout and after all the Blues coaches had arrived it just wasn't worth it. So I called it a day and with my tail between me old legs I gave up and took the bag back to the car. Strange thing to do I suppose but with a heavy bag of Zines and a badge board they might have been a little funny with my when I tried to get in. So a nice little brisk walk back over the freezing Toll bridge and back again - I still made it back for about 2.35, that was enough time to

see my brother who live down in Bournemouth and get in for kickoff.

The game is best forgotten, it seems without Savage in the team Cisse is very ineffective - though he can't do the job of two now can he. And that's where we lost it in midfield. We did of course lose it too a diabolical refereeing decision. And when he had the chance to redeem himself the bastard bottled it. Okay, we didn't really deserve fuck all but the game had 0-0 written all over it. We'd weathered the storm and up until the penalty we looked okay. We went 1-0 down so we had to press and then let in the second - that's the way it goes. Southampton have got a tremendous record at St Mary's so 2-0 wasn't a disgrace, we'll bounce back like we always do.

On the stewards front - this lot made the Baggies stewards look like little angels. As we always do we stand up and try to get the atmosphere going - better if your standing don't you think. The stewards will come and try to get you to sit down. If you persistently

stand up they'll go and get back up of a couple of Plods. I'm not sure what happened but just before half-time I went down for a piss and they were all in the next exit area up to the seats and planning a swoop on some poor unsuspecting Bluenoses. And bang in they went, but there were kids crying and Blues fans threatening to slap a few stewards for their heavy tactics. Whether it was for standing or smoking I don't really know but is there really any need for it?

**So the lessons learnt on our trip down south?**

**No midfield no chance of getting a result.**

**Wrap up in arctic clothing.**

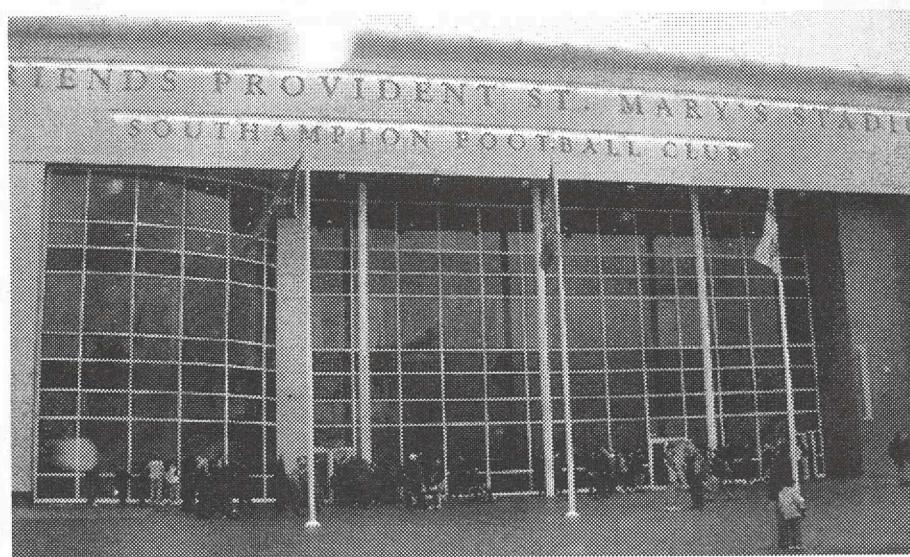
**Don't try and sell a fanzine.**

**Drink lots of beer in home pub**

**Don't stand up**

**Watch out for them stewards**

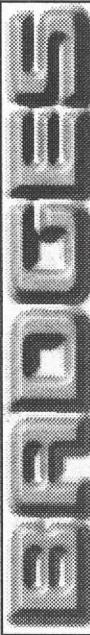
**They'll warn you then get Police back up.**



**Main entrance and Offices at St Mary's Stadium**



**The Tamworth Crew - John Sandall, Chad Martin, Ronnie + Can Wallace, Steve + Adam Morton - in no particular order.**

 It's getting close to Christmas so why not buy that Bluenose that you love a great Blues Badge. You know it makes sense, and they'll think your their best mate spending that much money on their pressie.

There's always loads of great designs to pick from and new ones are popping up all the time.

All badges are priced at £2.00 each. The three for a fiver special offer has been suspended until further notice.

**NEW BADGE - look out for the all new 'Stone Island' badge which should be on the boards very very soon.**



# HOW'S IT BEEN FOR YOU? SO FAR

So, it's the new year - well, not quite, it's actually Boxing Day. We've had almost half the season come and go - and like most seasons it's flown by. But this ones been a little different hasn't it - it's the PREMIER. And how good has it been? Well, it's been fuckin marvelous. As I was coming out of Loftus Road the other week a Bluenose stopped me and said "It must be much better writing a fanzine in the Premiership, than in the First" it got me thinking - oh, yes it is better and thanks to Keith Brown, he was the Bluenose who stopped me. It is much better. Though supporting a club like Birmingham City and all that comes with it - the fanzine usually writes itself. But the main plus for me is the positive side - I can write positive articles instead of the "Downers" we've been used too over the last few seasons. Mind you with the way the club, or certain people in the club treat US the fans, then it's different.

So, today's game is our nineteenth in our first season in the Premier - and if my calculations are right - that's halfway through the season, clever aint I? We've had some great games, some games where we should have got the points, some games where we got away with murder, but not many. And a few mares. We were one of two favourites for the drop and to be honest NO ONE gave us an earthly, apart from us of course. But we've surprise a few haven't we. Mainly those tossers who appear on the Premier. Those good for nothing wankers who think they know about football. Total toss pots the lot of em.

People in football - by people I mean Premier people think we don't belong, that we don't

belong t their little club. The Premier club, a close knit family of wankers who think they're better than anyone else. Well, we've gate crashed their little shindig. We've took centre stage and we've shock em up a bit. They may not like us but one thing is for certain - we aint going know where.

Well, it all started off on a very hot and humid Sunday in August at Library Highbury. Did we expect to get anything from this game? Well read on and see what I think:-

## Arsenal Away

The day had arrived - 16 seasons in the wilderness and we're off to the home of the Champions. Most of us expected nothing and that is what we got "Nothing" the only plus point was we kept them to just two goals. A lot of our players looked out of their depth, and to be honest it looked bad, very bad. But we were playing the champions and Wenger reckoned they wouldn't lose all season? Sad sad man.

Score: 0-2

What it should or could have been: 0-4 or more.

## Blackburn Home

The first home Premier League game, a carnival atmosphere at St Andrews - the good times are back. Big crowd, a load crowd. But no points. We got suckered, that smiling little ex Vile Twat Yorke did the suckering. But we played well and it could have been oh so different. Yes they did have some gilt edged chances at the end but we were pressing for

the equaliser. Two games and no points but after this performance we could take heart.

Score: 0-1

What it should or could have been: 1-1 but with a bit of luck it could have been 2-1.

### **Everton Away**

Our first trip to Scouse Land on a Humid Wednesday night. We were given no chance but were robbed big time with a late late goal. Stern John scored our first Premier goal with a penalty won by the Horse. We played really well but when they went down to ten men we struggled and let them come on to us. Our midfield and defence went deeper and deeper. When their goal came it was a lucky deflection. Yes, we got our first point but it could have been so much better. Again the stadium was like a Morgue though. Why don't these Premier fans get behind their team?

Score: 1-1

What it should or could have been: 1-0 - it was in the bag.

### **Leeds Home**

Dirty Leeds come to St Andrews with old El Tel in charge. And the Blues faithful see a feast of passing and attacking footie. Not by the former giants of Yorkshire though. Blues were awesome, we saw some of the best football down St Andrews, that had not been seen for decades. Our first win, our first three points and now we were up and running. Players who looked lost at Arsenal are beginning to get with the pace of this higher league, and are looking comfortable and not out of their depth.

Score: 2-1

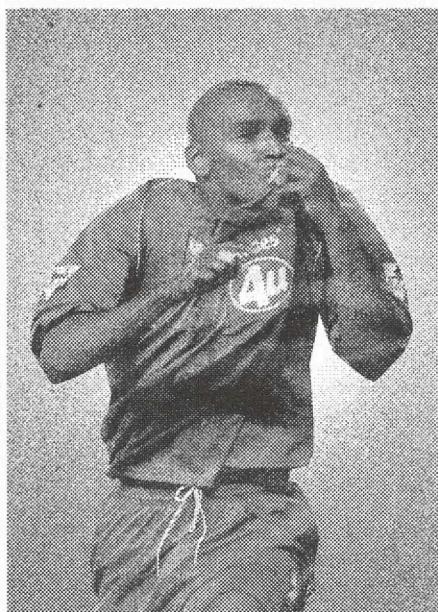
What it should or could have been: 2-1 was a fair result, we were good, very very good.

### **Liverpool Away**

Our second trip to Scouse land in a week, to the high and mighty Reds? No so high and mighty now hey. They went 2-0 and played us off the park for 60 minutes, it's as plain and simple as that. But hey, wait a minute - there's hope yet as Clint gets his first goal. Time goes by, times running out - but we put them under intense pressure. And it's the old sucker punch, seconds left, Stan puts it over and Clint puts it in. Way Hay - we're on our way - a point at the mighty Pool. Premier League sit up and take notice the true Brummies are back. Anfield was a shadow of it's former glory - the Liverpool fans have lost their passion and their will to support their team it seems and the place is devoid of atmosphere.

Score :2-2

What it should or could have been: 2-3, 2-4 or even 2-5. We got out of jail, plain and simple, but it was good wasn't it.



## Aston Vile Home

The visit of the filth, the Vile, the shite of Brum, the unclean, the child molesters of the under world, the, the? God do I hate em. Well, the time had come, it was pay back time. The time for us to be the best in Brum, we all knew it but now the rest of the country new it. And oh what a nite it was, a nite to remember. Get the Video to re-live it. It was great, well you knew that course you were there wasn't you. We were good though even though the clown gave us the second goal. The Horse made it three and sent the St Andrews faithful into Orbit. Nites like these don't come along all that often but we were owed this one. The passion that we generated was transferred onto the pitch and it made it into an occasion that we'll never forget. What do you think, bloody great hey.

Score: 3-0

What it should or could have been: 3-0? Nah, how about 4-0, 5-0, 6-0. Well even 1-0 would have been good enough.

## Middlesbrough Away

The long trip up North was a wasted one, we went in hope but came away with nowt. They were the better team by far, but it could have been very different. The Boro goal game from a free kick that shouldn't have been. And Macarone was lucky to have stayed on the pitch. And for the first time we heard a crowd with a bit of passion. Boro are a better team nowadays. So going down to em wasn't a disgrace.

Score : 0-1

What it should or could have been: 0-3, we struggled a bit and it could have been much much worse.

## Newcastle Home

We thought a win was on the cards in this game, the Geordies had a crap away record and we've got a good record of late against em. But on the day it just wasn't to be. After going 1-0 down we pressed hard for the equaliser but left our selves open to the counter punch. And we paid for it. Very disappointing but that's football isn't it.

Score : 0-2

What it should or could have been: 0-1 would have been a fair result, we struggled to get going.

## West Ham Away

Our second trip to the Smoke and the academy of football? Well once it may have been. We played this one just right. We hit em wide on both flanks and deserved the win. Our first away from home in the Premier, and it was good stuff. Not lucky, we played some really good stuff. The Ammers defence was pants, now I'm not taking it away from our performance but if they want to get outa the shite they're gonna have to tighten up a bit.

Score : 2-1

What it should or could have been: 3 or 4-1 very easily.

## The Buggies Away

Local derbies are always a different ball game. Not pretty pretty Premier stuff in this game. But the Buggies have got a rough tough squad. Talk about our players being thugs, the Buggies make our lot look like Angels. This was a hard fought derby of the old school, we were a bit out of it but had the best chances. And we almost got the three points. But with Tebily getting his marching orders Roberts got in at

the death. The referee was crap and didn't give us squat all afternoon. He was standing just yards away when an Albion player elbowed a Blues player. This happened not five minutes before Tebily went.

Score: 1-1

What it should or could have been: 1-0 or if the ping pong effort just before had gone in and the



ref hadn't sent Tebily off it could have been 2-0.

### **Mancs City Home**

Just another one of those off days. And against the Mancs, bloody typical. Though the Mancs are our modern day bogey team. We'll do em one day good and proper. This one was a mirror image of the Newcastle game. We went 1-0 down then pressed and pressed for the equaliser and they broke away late on and settled it. The team were down and the crowd were down.

Score : 0-2

What it should or could have been: 0-1 was about fair.

### **Bolton Home**

A six pointer this one and a game of two halves. The first was boring and the second one of the best. And Robbie got his first goal with a celebration that will be remembered for years. This was a must win game and the lads didn't let us down.

Score: 3-1

What it should or could have been: this game could have gone either way at one stage but in the end 3-1 was a fair result.

### **Chelsea Away**

A footballing lesson for us down at the Bridge. It started off bad and got worse. But what do you expect when you've got a right back playing left back and a centre back playing right back, a recipe for disaster. Kenna was given the run around and to keep it down to the score it ended up was a miracle. We were never really in the running and this game proved we need a bigger squad.

Score: 0-3

What it should or could have been: this one could have been bad, 4, 5 or 6 would have been nearer the truegap between us and Chelsea.

### **Fulham Home**

A dramatic game in which the London side had two players sent off and we still couldn't break em down. Just one of those games. You get em sometimes. We pushed and pushed for the winner and really we deserved the points. But to be honest even with 11 men Fulham looked nothing. So it was definitely 2 points lost.

Score: 0-0

What it should or could have been: 1-0, 2-0, take your pick, we deserved the three point full stop.

### **Sunderland Away**

A great away win for the Blues, and again we used the wings to our advantage. Stan came into his own with a fantastic performance. We should have been 2 or three up by half time but that's the way it goes. We must learn to take our chances. We left it late but there's no coming back from Clints goal in the last minute. On their performance in this game Sunderland looked doomed.

Score: 1-0

What it should or could have been: 4-0 very easily.

### **Tottenham Home**

Another game we should have won. Even though the visitors took the lead we came back and took total control of this game. Another 2 points lost. And now a home record that doesn't look too impressive. It has to get better or we'll be biting our nails come April. Spurs are having a pretty good season but they didn't look that good in this game.

Score: 1-1

What it should or could have been: 2 or 3-1. We dominated for long periods.

### **Southampton Away**

We went with high hopes to St Mary's but without Savage our midfield looked weak. Cisse is a much better player when Robbie is in the team. Midfield is where we lost this game, oh, and the referee. Dubious penalty decision but the ref could have made amends only 5 minutes later when a Southampton player handled, but that's the way it goes sometimes.

[davethomas@madeinbrum.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:davethomas@madeinbrum.freeserve.co.uk)

Score: 0-2

What it should or could have been: we didn't play well but until the penalty it had a 0-0 all over it.

### **Fulham Away**

The battle of Loftus Road, but this was no dirty game. The weather was bad and the ref didn't take that into account. He was a shit all through the game. We got the early break and hung on, but apart from a late siege by the home team we were never in any trouble. Can't wait for the FA Cup game now, that'll be a right war as well.

Score: 1-0

What it should and could have been: on past history we should have let in a late goal but on this occasion we held out even with Purse sent off. 1-0 was just right thanks very much.

### **Charlton Home**

It's getting a bit of a habit this playing with ten men lark. But we're getting quite good at it aint we. A game we should have won on paper and after the spurring display in the second half it should have been three points. But when you've got a Referee, two assistants and 11 players against us, it's a tad hard don't you think. But I reckon we're going to have to get used to it from now on.

Score: 1-1

What it should and could have been: the lads deserved the three point, plain and simple.

So there you have it. We've dropped a fair few points in game we should have really of won, but that's the way it goes. When we get chances we really need to put em away. A midfielder with a bit of vision to break open defences with that at one great through ball is needed.

PO Box 10840 Birmingham B32 3WQ

# RAGING HADDOCK

## MATCH REPORTS

### Blues v Fulham

There's something about our matches with Fulham that makes for memorable games. For a start off, they were my very first match, October 5<sup>th</sup> 1968. I sat up in the railway stand with my dad, I seem to remember getting in for free I also remember the most fantastic amount of colour from the green of the pitch to all the coloured scarves around the ground. Apart from the colour, there was the smell. No not that! It was cigar smoke and pies. Memories eh. Anyway we won 5-4 courtesy of four Jimmy Greenhoff goals and a missed penalty, typical blues we were 3-0 up at half time and nearly buggered it up.

Another time we were 3-0 up at half time against them on the opening match of the season and managed to lose 3-4! That was a good start to the year, but at least we still got promoted. Unlike the year we lost to them first home game on sky and they pissed all over us, that time they went on to win the league while we just struggled through to lose another play off. Apart from the time they had Colly playing for them and had the horse sent off against us the other big Fulham game was 75. but that's still too painful to talk about.

So; up to date, we're both up in the big time the difference is that they spend several hundred million squintillion on players while we spend thruppence ha'penny, oh well at least we won't go broke.

This was one of those games that brucey describes as against a team in our own special league, ie we're neither of us going to win anything. Fair enough,

17<sup>th</sup> will do for me this season anyway. We got off to a bright start and the horse, made captain for the day against his old club nearly scored after 5 minutes when he twisted and turned, made space for himself and shot across the goal only to see van de sar turn it away. Fulham showed plenty off clever passing without making chances while we worked hard but still looked more likely to score.

We looked even more likely when we got a penalty for handball on the line which meant ten men for Fulham. Unfortunately Sterns shot was as weak as England's batting and as accurate as our bowling. So it was easily saved by van the man who then saw the horse put the rebound wide.

To make matters worse, when we did put the ball in the net from Purse the linesman flagged off-side when it wasn't. Half time 0 - 0.

The second half was total one way traffic. Fulham obviously decided that with ten men they were going to settle for the draw so pulled everyone back. As much as we huffed and puffed we never really looked like breaking through. Dev and Stan had plenty of ball and put lots of crosses in but ten men can still have nine defenders and a keeper so de-

fending crosses isn't any different. One day we might learn.

With ten minutes left Robbie slid in and fouled Marlet only to get a kick for his trouble. Yellow for Robbie but red for Marlet. Surely with two extra players we can win. But no it was just more crosses and more clearing headers. Eventually we got the ball in the net from a free kick but once again the linesman flagged off-side. So 0-0. A great disappointment, two points dropped and once again we show an utter lack of inspiration when we need it. We can moan about our strikers not scoring till the cows come home but if we don't make chances we ain't gonna score.

The trouble is; if we get this creative midfielder we have all been asking for for years where does he play. Drop Cisse or Savage? I don't think so. Play 3 - 5 - 2? Not been a great success so far. Drop a winger and play lop sided? So who goes, Stan or Dev and what happens to DJ when he's fit. 4 - 5 - 1? That will go down well with the home crowd. It's a hard job being a manager and no mistake.

Oh well cheer up, we still got a point, that's 16 after 14 games. Keep that up and I'll be happy come May.

KRO - Tony

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